

## Facing Adversities

I believe that adversities won't fade naturally in stride with time. Like a tree blossoming in spring, adversities, if left to breed, will only branch out infinitely, nurturing fresh buds of premature difficulties as opposed to withering. I believe that the only way to sever this train of events is through pulling the roots cleanly out of the soil, or, in other words, to face the particular adversity boldly and declare without hesitation, "That's enough." This was a revelation deservedly earned through a battle against violent tides, a perception expensively bought from the mother of all success, experience.

It all started with a single picture.

An attribute of a certain traitorous friend, it was edited cleverly through Adobe Photoshop, posted as an innocent back link on Facebook. The edition wasn't something as innocent as a moustache or a dip of mascara – it was something so vulgar in its proximity that I deem it inappropriate to further elaborate the details in this passage.

To clear up the confusion, I will emphasize that it was a picture that would evoke many rumors in school, one that would cast me as an outsider, one that would, without doubt, draw jeers like bees to honey.

And what happened the following day was exactly that - but much worse.

In a transitional period of 12 hours, the public's flimsy opinion of me was marred to the extent where I could hardly venture out of the washroom without being pelted with chalks. My friends, who later revealed they were sympathetic of my plight, did little to defend my reputation – they simply avoided me, washing their hands clean of the conflict.

For the first time in my life, I was truly alone, facing a looming adversity that was threatening to consume the very core of life in a human being, joy.

For the first few days, I tried to blend in with the crowd, haplessly thinking that by being invisible the rumors would disperse, and that everything would return to the way it was.

My assumptions turned out to be gravely erroneous – as days passed, the chalks still came in double ammunition, the taunts never ceasing, the spiteful words always succeeding in gauging a new gash.

13 days, 19 hours and 33 minutes - that was how long it took to finally shred my last scraps of hesitation, to urge me stand up in the middle of a council, grab the microphone from the stadium, and proceed to launch on a 20 minute lecture on the depravity of targeting a fellow classmate for pleasure sake.

I might have dusted off the layers of soot from their conscience, or I might only be striking them speechless through my out-of-character behavior – either way, it worked. In the following days, the rumors subsided speedily, and soon I found myself disentangling from the mess.

Fast forward 6 months, I find that my perceptions have matured throughout the unpleasant experience. If I had decided to transfer school and hide out within the confines of my comfort zone, I would still, up

to now, be teetering on the ledge, unsure as to whether or not I have the confidence to confront the upcoming adversities that will inevitably emerge in the long journey of life I have barely embarked on.

But I have - I have decided to confront the root of mayhem, to face adversity arm to arm, and it had cleared up, fleeing like a craven bully. It isn't only then that I tested my hypothesis regarding the term "facing adversity"; over the months, it has been the scope that has reliably dug out the roots of my troubles, the stepping stones that has led me to many doors I had never dared to imagine before. Thus, I would like to conclude this prose by stating, once more, that I believe in facing adversity.

if thy that has the potential to, with time, expand into poisonous brambles that will sting you unexpectedly.